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BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN.

"Oh, for the death of those,  
Who for their country die!"—

AROUND the car of the conqueror, the bright halo of glory ever hovers. Whether he dare the storm of battle, to wrest the liberties of a nation from a tyrant's grasp; or force his triumphant course over protracted rights and a subjected people; whether he fight for freedom, or conquer to enslave; still his progress is dazzling and glorious. There is a glitter accompanying successful achievement, which takes the reason captive, and forces on the mind, respect for the favorites of fortune. But true fame is not always dependent on success. Glory may surround defeat and gleam from the tomb. Cato, "nobly falling with a falling state," and disdaining to survive the death of his country's liberties, has transmitted to the latest age a name, whose lustre dims the feebler glory of "the world's great victor."—On the fame of the truly great man, misfortune can never throw a shade. "'Tis not in mortals to command success," and greatness of soul shines forth with a brighter ray amid disastrous circumstances.

Happy those heroes who are called from the scene of action, before envy, springing from their virtues, has undervalued their names; while the memory of their valorous deeds is still recent, and e'er their laurels have begun to fade. "Every soul, sensible to honour, envies, rather than compassionates their fate."

Such has been the proud destiny of Allen. He has fallen in the meridian of his glory; fighting the battles of his country; and death has set the stamp of eternity on his fame. Clouds of misfortune and defeat gathered around his setting sun; but they obscured not its brightness—they only mellowed it into a more interesting splendour. His conquerors have published his worth, his bravery in battle, his fortitude in suffering and in death; and victory mourns over a triumph purchased at the price of such a life.

William Henry Allen, the deservedly lamented subject of the present memoir, was born at Providence, Rhode-Island, October 21, 1784. He was the son of General William Allen, a brave and distinguished revolutionary officer, and the nephew, by his mother's side, of his Excellency William Jones, the present Governour of Rhode-Island. In the very morning of life, when the bias of his mind first began to develope itself, he evinced that ardour for distinction, that devotedness to virtuous fame, which has, in the event, covered him with glory and a pall. It was the anxious wish of his friends that he should devote himself to the arts of peace. His venerable parent had intimately known the hardships, the dangers and the horrors of a military life; and though he had unmoved dared them all in his own person, he shrunk from encountering them again in the person of his son. But the spirit which distinguished the father had descended to the child, and remonstrance was unavailing to extinguish the fire of emulation in his breast. Connected with this ardour for fame, was a romantick inclination to visit foreign lands, and learn the varieties of men and manners: and that both might be gratified at once, he selected the navy for his profession, and in May, 1800, entered the service of his country as midshipman. In the month of August following, he was ordered on board the frigate *George Washington*, which shortly after sailed, under



the command of captain Bainbridge, for Algiers, bearing presents to the reigning Dey. The following extract from a letter, written to his father just before sailing, shews the high sense of duty which then animated him, and gives an early instance of that determined resolution, which has marked every transaction of his short and interesting life. "I now bid you a short adieu; but should it be the last, you shall have the satisfaction to hear of my good conduct in my station, as an officer and as a gentleman." Under the instruction of his excellent commander, Allen rapidly progressed in the acquirement of naval tactics, and obtained so high a rank in the esteem of his officers and the confidence of the government, that when on his return in 1801, a reduction of the navy took place, by which many officers were discharged from active duty, so highly were his services appreciated, that he was on shore but eight days before he received orders to repair on board the Philadelphia, then bound on a cruise to the Mediterranean, under the command of captain Barron. Actuated by that devotion to his country's wishes, which should characterize every officer in her service, he exchanged a hasty farewell with his friends, and cheerfully obeyed the mandate, which so unexpectedly separated him from their tenderness, and devoted him to the labour and peril of a lengthy and hazardous voyage. From Algiers they were ordered by the Dey to Constantinople. No incidents marked this cruise which fling any light on the character of Allen. Complete subordination to superior officers, and the strictest attention to all the duties of their station, were the characteristic of every officer in the Tripolitan service. They were all emulous of distinction, all jealous for the honour of their flag, and all devoted to their country's service. Among such men the principles of honour and of humanity, would be fostered, as well as the sterner virtues of courage and fortitude. The Mediterranean has been with justice styled the school of our naval officers. It was there, by obeying, they learned to command—it was there they first encountered danger—it was there that they pledged themselves to each other, and to their country, to ennoble the navy of the United States by conquest or by death.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF

In June, 1802, the anxiety of Allen to visit his native place and enjoy a short repose in the bosom of his family, and in the society of his numerous friends, (second only to his anxiety to defend the honour and to fight the battles of his country,) was gratified by the return of the Philadelphia to the United States. It was not until the October of the same year, that he was again ordered into service, when he joined the frigate John Adams, under the command of captain Rodgers, and for the third time visited the shores of the Mediterranean. While absent on this voyage, an unfounded report that a younger officer had been promoted before him, was communicated to him by one of his correspondents. He replies, "I am too well grounded in old principles, to mind such assaults now. If the government decide thus, I can say amen, with all my heart." A very uncommon instance of subordination and manly resignation in a boy of seventeen. We take the following extract from a letter written by him about this time.

"During our stay at Malta we had an opportunity of visiting most of the publick buildings ; and amongst the rest, the superb church of St. John. The floor is laid in different coloured marble, in Mosaic, representing tomb-stones of the different knights who distinguished themselves in fighting and in falling in defence of Christianity, against the infidels. On every side there is a Latin inscription, describing his death. The walls are hung with the most superbly embroidered tapestry, representing the birth, crucifixion and ascension of our Saviour. The deaths of the saints are likewise represented in the same manner, and they appear like the most beautiful paintings. The wings are divided into chapels ; and here they show us crosses and Saints in abundance, and the rich attire of the bishops and clergy, embroidered with gold. In an inner chapel we were shown a number of relicks, one of which they declared was a fragment of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified ; another was the palm of the hand of St. John. The body of St. Clement was exposed, lying in state. This was a room that the French soldiers did not penetrate : it is said that they robbed this church of half a million."



Soon after his return from this cruise, he was appointed a sailing master of the Congress, and once more sailed for the Mediterranean. On the outward voyage, his life was wonderfully preserved when in the most imminent danger. While lying too in a violent gale and drifting fast, he was, while assisting in handing a sail, precipitated from the fore yard, into the sea, falling very near the anchor on the bows. Inevitable death must now have been his fate, as no assistance could be rendered him from on board, had he not arose directly by the mizen chains, on which he fortunately caught hold, and thus regained the ship. As a proof in how great a degree he possessed the confidence of his superiors, and how great reliance was reposed on his coolness and intrepidity, let it be observed, that when Rodgers, contemplating an attack on Tripoli, wished to take the soundings of the harbour, he selected Allen to accompany him in the hazardous expedition. They entered the harbour with muffled ears, and having completed the objects designed, in the midst of extreme danger, being some time in a situation where they distinctly heard the conversations on board the Tripolitan gunboats, and the watch word from the centinels on the battery; they returned in a tremendous gale to the Nautilus, at the very moment when she was leaving her position.

Thus did a protecting Providence evidently watch over the safety of Allen, until the measure of his glory was full. Thus was he preserved from danger almost inevitable, that he might die, covered with glory, in the battles of his country, and leave behind him, an imperishable fame.

In this voyage he had an opportunity of observing one of the many fanatical ceremonies of the Portuguese Catholics. We give the account of it in his own words.

"I was, while at Lisbon, witness to a very ludicrous ceremony. My ears were saluted by the hoarse chanting of some Portuguese sailors and I perceived about twenty in number approaching, bearing a large topsail, barefoot, with their hats in their hands, into which the multitude would now and then drop a sixpence, to save their souls from purgatory. On inquiry, I was informed, that it was a custom amongst them, when overtak-

en by a violent gale at sea, instead of trusting to their own exertions, to offer up their prayers to their guardian saint, and to promise him the best sail in the ship if he would condescend to protect them from the dangers of the element. The top-sail was then taken to the church in the manner described, laid at the foot of the altar, and dedicated to the saint. It was then appraised by an old friar, who, unwilling to distress the votaries of old mother Church, accepted, as an equivalent, in money, one half of its nominal value. The saint has, by this time, become perfectly well acquainted with the value of sailcloth."

In October, 1805, Mr. Allen was promoted to a lieutenancy, and ordered to repair on board the Constitution, under the command of captain Rodgers. During the following cruise he availed himself of the opportunities offered him by his commander, for visiting the mountains Etna and Vesuvius, (the former of which, in company with captain Rodgers, he ascended) and the ancient cities, Herculaneum and Pompeia.

At this period the American navy had acquired no distinguishing character. Wherever it had appeared it had commanded respect, from the good order and correct discipline, prevailing on board the ships, and from the honourable conduct, and gentlemanly carriage of its officers; but opportunities to render its name illustrious and terrible had been wanting. Our valour on the ocean was not disputed, but it had never been shown to the world. Now a circumstance took place, which seemed to put all our pretensions to naval glory in question. The disgraceful encounter, between the Chesapeake and the Leopard, would not be to this day forgotten, or remembered without feelings of wounded pride and national mortification, had not our brave tars since washed out the invidious recollection with their blood. Mr. Allen was at this time the third lieutenant on board the Chesapeake. The following is his account of the action.

"On Monday, June 22d we weighed anchor and stood to sea. The Chesapeake had, on this day, twenty-eight eighteen pounders mounted on the gundeck, twelve thirty-two pound carronades on the quarterdeck, and had, fitted for these guns, three



hundred and twenty cartridges, thirteen powder horns (not sufficiently filled) and matches ready for action. All these were in the magazine, the keys in charge of the captain, as usual, and which are never delivered to any but the gunner, by the captain, for fear of accidents. In the cable ties, and around the foremast, one thousand wads and sponges; the guns loaded and shotted, but, of course, not primed. Round shots in the lockers were ready on deck, with a box of canister for each gun. At three the Leopard came within hail; at half past three the boat came on board, with a demand from captain Humphries for permission to search the Chesapeake for deserters; concluding his orders by saying, 'I inclose you the orders of the admiral on this subject; any comment from me would be superfluous. But I trust that your answer will be of a nature that will prevent me, in the execution of my duty, from interrupting the amity at present subsisting between the two nations.' The orders of the admiral were, 'You will offer to the commander of the Chesapeake a mutual search; and, in any event, take the men described, wherever they may be found.' Here was a demand which our commodore knew he must absolutely refuse. Why did he not order his men beat to quarters; detain the lieutenant and his boat until we were ready for action? But no! he gave a positive refusal, which, in composing, penning, and copying, detained the lieutenant half an hour. Our commodore did not order his men beat to quarters until the first gun was fired, nor until then was the key delivered to the gunner, all the officers remaining at this time in perfect ignorance of the contents of the note. I was at the galley (the camboose) and snatching a coal from the flames, fired the only gun, which went through the wardroom of the English ship. A shot came into us, and struck a man on the breast—he fell at my feet, covering me with blood and splinters of bones. One of my guns suffered severely; one had his leg carried away, two an arm each, and two more were wounded severely—five out of eight. After one gun, one single gun was fired, we struck, by order of the captain, who then called his officers into the cabin, and asked their opinions. My answer was, "*Sir, you have disgraced us.*"

What the feelings of an officer of so nice a sense of honour must have been on this occasion, may without difficulty be imagined. Wounded pride and mortified ambition, combined with a sense of perfect self justification and conscious rectitude, must have been struggling together in his breast. Indeed all the officers of the ward room appear to have had but one feeling on the subject. With one voice, they called on their country to examine their commander's conduct and their own, and to wipe from their characters every suspicion of dishonourable cowardice, by consigning to infamy the name of Baron. The following is their manly address to the Secretary on this occasion. It is from the pen of Allen, and was composed by him at the request of his brother officers.

*"Late United States' ship Chesapeake, Hampton Roads, June 23, 1807.*

"SIR,

"The undersigned, officers of the late United States' ship Chesapeake, deeply sensible of the disgrace which must be attached to the late (in their opinion) premature surrender of the United States' ship Chesapeake, of forty guns, to the English ship of war Leopard, of fifty guns, without their previous knowledge or consent; and desirous of proving to their country, and the world, that it was the wish of all the undersigned to have rendered themselves worthy of the flag under which they have the honour to serve, by a determined resistance to an unjust demand, do request the honourable the secretary of the navy to order a court of inquiry into their conduct. At the same time they are compelled, by imperious duty, by the honour of their flag, by the honour of their countrymen, and by all that is dear to themselves, to request that an order may be issued for the arrest of commodore James Baron, on the charges herewith exhibited, which the undersigned pledge themselves to prove true.

"1. On the probability of an engagement, for neglecting to clear his ship for action.

"2. For not doing his utmost to take or destroy a vessel which we conceive it his duty to have done.

"BENJAMIN SMITH, first lieutenant.

"WILLIAM CRANE, second lieutenant.

"WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, third lieutenant.

"L. ORDE CREIGHTON, fourth lieutenant.

"SYDNEY SMITH, fifth lieutenant.

"SAMUEL BROOKES, sailing master."



The feelings of Allen, during the pendency of this examination, may be learned from the following extracts from his private correspondences of that date. "To see so many brave men standing to their quarters, amidst the blood of their butchered and wounded countrymen, and hear their cries, without the means of avenging them ! and when, in three minutes we could have avenged them ! to have the flag of my country disgraced ! Was it for this that I have continued so long in the service, contrary to the wishes of all my friends ! To be so mortified, humbled, cut to the soul ! Yes, to have the finger of scorn pointing at me as one of the officers of the Chesapeake ! But do not think, my friend, that I feel I have not done my duty. Perish the thought ! I proudly feel that I would have willingly given my trifling life, an offering for the wounded honour of my country." "Oh, when I act like this, may I die unpitied and forgotten, and no tear be shed to my memory. May I lie on some barren shore, and may my bones whiten in the sun, be pelted by the pitiless storm, and may the name of Allen be blasted with infamy." "If I am acquitted honourably, (says he, while writing to his father,) in other words, if Captain Baron is condemned, you may see me again ; if not, *never*." "We lay here ready, at a moment's warning, to wipe from our flag that disgrace that has been entailed upon it, by our blood. When I suffer my memory to dwell on this, I feel that I can trifle with existence at pleasure."

It would not become us to swell this article, by entering into any examination of the conduct of Commodore Baron, or any investigation of the causes, which produced the intemperate and unhappy proceedings, on the part of the British commander. It is sufficient to say, that the trial consequent on this request of the before named officers, eventuated in the condemnation of Baron, and he left the ship universally unregretted. Poignant, on this occasion, must have been his feelings, for in passing through the line of his officers, who were on deck to witness his departure, overcome by the magnitude of his disgrace, and stung to the soul, by perceiving in the cold repulsive looks of every one, that his cowardice had procured their fixed contempt, he

fainted on the deck. What a contrast to this picture, do the proud, self-approving sensations of Allen, on leaving the same ship, present ! " It is a gratifying reflection, (he says, in a letter to his friend,) to know that I leave the Chesapeake beloved by my messmates, and respected by all: they have all been forward in manifesting their esteem for me in the most unequivocal manner ; it has been requited with my warmest gratitude. What can induce more self-satisfaction in any man, than to find that he is most beloved, by those who have known him the longest ? It must silence forever the tongue of detraction ; and believe me, my dear sir, the love of my friends, who are ever dear to me, will ever be an inducement with me to deserve their love, and to aspire to superior correctness."

During the embargo in 1808, his situation was, to a mind of so great sensibility, distressing in the extreme. He was employed in cruising off Block-Island in the frigate Chesapeake, for the purpose of intercepting and seizing such vessels, as were attempting a violation of that law. The delicacy and firmness, however, which he exhibited in the discharge of this duty, commanded at once respect and esteem, and prevented that odium from attaching to his character, which we so naturally feel towards those, who are made even the innocent instruments of our injury. At his earnest request, he was excused from boarding and examining in person, any vessel, sailing from the ports of his native state. The reasons for this arrangement, he thus states in a letter on this subject. " I knew that I should be compelled to detain such vessels for the most trivial article, and this would have wounded my feelings. Even had I met those which I could have suffered to pass, I might have laboured under unjust suspicions, when other officers might be equally just without such imputations."

While employed in this manner, he received a letter from his father, soliciting his interference in behalf of several of his intimate acquaintances, whose property had been taken for suspected violations of the Embargo. The following dignified reply, presents to us his character, as a faithful officer, and a firm yet feeling man, in the most favourable light. " Nothing, my dear



sir, could give me more pleasure, than to have been useful or instrumental in serving those young gentlemen you speak of in your letter: it required no request of yours to induce it; but vain are our desires—impotent the will that exceeds the means of performance. This has often been my lot, and, I believe, that of many in the Chesapeake. Need I say that my feelings have ever been on the rack while cruising off the island! But, sir, *had this been your vessel*, her situation would have been precisely the same. It is impossible that I can be of the least service to those young gentlemen."

In February, 1809, he received orders to repair on board the frigate *United States*, then equipping at Washington, and commanded by commodore Decatur. As Mr. Allen was the first lieutenant, and the commodore absent, so arduous and so constant were the duties devolving upon him, and so unremitting and faithful his exertions in discharging them, that, for two months, he never absented himself for one moment, from the navy yard. When the *United States* was fitted for sea, he proceeded in her on several short cruises, and passed the rest of his time at Norfolk, Virginia, where the ship was principally stationed, until the declaration of war in 1812. Hitherto the object of our naval officers had been only to make themselves respected and conspicuous, for good order, correct discipline, and complete subordination on board our national vessels. Now, the time so long expected, so ardently wished for by our brave tars, had arrived. They were now permitted to conflict on the ocean with the first naval power in the world, and glory awaited success. A spirit of determination pervaded the whole navy. Every officer pledged himself to support the honour of the national flag even unto death. The result of this enthusiasm has been witnessed.—Hull, Decatur and Bainbridge have covered it with glory by successive victories. Lawrence and Allen have dyed it in their blood, and borne it, equally honoured, to their grave.—The former still live to fight their country's battles, and add to the list of her naval triumphs—the latter live in her mournful remembrance, and are embalmed with her tears.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities, the United States sailed on a cruise. On the 25th of October, 1812, in latitude 29, North, longitude 29, 30, West, a sail was discovered to the windward. Lieutenant Allen was requested to go aloft and ascertain, if possible, to what nation she belonged. Perceiving the British pendant at the mast head, he descended, and sportively informed his impatient comrades, that she was a lawful prize. The enemy, having the advantage of the wind, fought the United States at his own distance, and the action continued for an hour and fifty minutes. So tremendous was the fire kept up by the American frigate, that the British sailors repeatedly shouted, supposing the United States in flames. At length, after losing her mizen-mast, fore and main top-masts, and main yard, the enemy struck. She proved to be the British frigate Macedonian, mounting 49 carriage guns; one of the finest frigates in the British navy, and commanded by John S. Carden, one of the ablest and bravest of its officers. Her loss was thirty six killed, and sixty eight wounded. The loss on board the United States was comparatively trifling; only four killed, and seven wounded; and so little damage had she received in her hull and rigging, that she would have continued her cruise, had not her commander thought it of the first consequence to convoy his prize into port. To the decided superiority of the Americans in the exercise of their guns, the cheapness of this victory must undoubtedly be ascribed; and to the diligence and perseverance of Allen in training the men, much of this superiority was unquestionably owing. The conduct of Decatur, when Carden came on board the United States, was such as we should have expected from one, of whom honour and feeling are the distinguishing characteristics. When the British commander offered his sword, Decatur observed, "I cannot, sir, receive the sword of one, who has defended his ship so gallantly; but I shall be happy to receive his hand." Such delicacy of conduct adds new laurels to the wreath of the conqueror. We regret that the conduct of the officers of the Macedonian, when lieutenant Allen boarded her, should have presented so revolting a contrast to this nobleness of soul. No assistance was rendered him



in ascending the side, and he entered by climbing up the chains. On requesting the officers of the Macedonian to enter his boat, the first lieutenant sullenly asked him, if he intended to send him away without his baggage. "Do you suppose yourself in the hands of privateersmen?" said Allen. "I know not into what hands I have fallen," was the sarcastick reply. We feel a conscious pride in stating, that this ungentlemanly behaviour produced no severity on the part of the Americans. Lieutenant Allen ordered the haughty lieutenant instantly into the boat; but he placed a guard, to protect and secure to the owners, every article of the officers' baggage. To Allen, was intrusted the difficult task, of bringing the shattered and sinking Macedonian into port. In this he succeeded, though assailed by storms and waylaid by enemies; and amidst the gratulations of thousands of his countrymen, triumphantly entered the harbour of New-York, with the American eagle looking down upon the British cross. After a very short interval of repose, lieutenant Allen was ordered to take command of the Argus, then repairing at New-York. After her repairs were completed, a report was circulated, that a British brig of war was cruising in the sound; and Allen immediately sailed down for the purpose of offering her battle. So well was he known, and so universally beloved by the brave sailors in our navy, that on this occasion, the whole crew of the Hornet volunteered their services, and unsolicited, put themselves under his command. The cruise was however fruitless, as no enemy was to be found; and after a week's absence, in obedience to the command of commodore Decatur, he returned into port.

About this time, the death of Mr. Barlow having interrupted the negotiation with France, Mr. Crawford was appointed to succeed him; and Mr. Allen, (now promoted to the rank of master and commander,\*) in the Argus, was directed to conduct the minister to France. This, notwithstanding the imminent dan-

\* Captain Allen never had the satisfaction of receiving his commission. It was by some accident delayed until after his sailing, and has, since his death, been forwarded to his father, together with a letter of condolence from the secretary of the navy, by commodore Rodgers.

ger arising from being compelled to pass through blockading squadrons, and across a sea swarming with the enemies' cruisers, he cheerfully undertook; and, after a voyage of twenty-three days, safely arrived at port L'Orient. From thence, he writes to the secretary of the navy, under date June 12, 1812. "I shall immediately proceed, to put in execution, my orders, as to the ulterior purposes of my destination." These appear to have been to destroy the English commerce in the Irish channel; a service, dangerous and inglorious. Though this was, to his noble mind, particularly revolting, yet a sense of duty stimulated him to such exertion, that the injury which he did to the British shipping, in this cruise, is estimated in their own papers at Two Millions of dollars. In this, as in every other part of his life, such a noble delicacy marked his conduct, that the very papers, which record these injuries, bear unequivocal testimony to his honour and humanity. He never allowed the baggage of passengers to be molested or inspected; but generously surrendered to them whatsoever they claimed. Officers capable of thus stripping war of its horrors, and robbing conflict of its ferocity, are at once the pride of their country, and an honour to the human race.

But it was impossible for Allen long to continue in this invidious service. His soul burned for distinction, and though victory, in his situation, must have had all the consequences of defeat, and conquest over his enemy have ensured his own capture; yet, he rather sought, than shunned a conflict. Too soon for his country and his friends, his daring wishes were gratified. On the 14th of August, he fell in with the British ship, Pelican, commanded by captain Maples, cruising in the channel for the express purpose of destroying or capturing the Argus. For the particulars of the engagement, which ensued, we must rely entirely on the enemy's account; as no official communication on this subject has ever been received by our government, or, if received, has been, for some inscrutable reason, suppressed. From the official letter of captain Maples, we learn, that when he fell in with the Argus, she was shortening her sail and preparing for action—that the action continued for forty-three minutes, and that the Argus



did not strike her colours, until he was in the very act of boarding her—that the killed and wounded on board the Argus, as computed by her own officers, was forty; while on board the Pelican, the loss in killed and wounded was only eight. He does not state his own force either in men or guns.

This statement is so general and imperfect, that, from it, but one conclusion can be drawn; viz. that some circumstances are designedly suppressed, and that we learn but half the truth. The Cork Chronicle and the London Pilot have been cited, to prove, that towards the close of the action, the Pelican was joined by her consort, the frigate Seahorse, of thirty-eight guns—this has however been denied, and we possess no means of ascertaining the correctness or incorrectness of this statement. Early in the engagement, captain Allen received a shot, which carried away his left leg, yet he steadily refused to be carried below, and continued on deck until, from loss of blood, he fainted. On leaving his ship, for the hospital, on his arrival in port, he, for the last time, addressed the sorrowing crew, who had witnessed his bravery, his fortitude and his misfortune. “God bless you,” said he feelingly, “God bless you, my lads, *we shall never meet again.*”

The following letter, from John Hawker, esquire, the late American vice consul at Plymouth, gives the most particular details of the last moments of this brave man, that we have been able to procure.

*“Plymouth, 19th August, 1813.*

“SIR,

“The situation I have had the honour to hold for many years past, of American vice consul, calls forth my poignant feelings in the communication I have to make to you, of the death of your son, captain Allen, late commanding the United States’ brig of war Argus, which vessel was captured on Saturday last, in the Irish channel, after a very sharp action of three quarters of an hour, by his Britannick majesty’s ship, Pelican.

“Early in the contest, captain Allen lost his left leg, but refused to be carried below, till, from loss of blood, he fainted. Messrs. Edwards and Delphy, midshipmen, and four seamen, were killed; and lieutenant Watson, the carpenter, boatswain, boatswain’s mate, and seven men, wounded. Captain Allen submitted to amputation, above the knee, while at sea. He was yesterday morning attended by very eminent surgical gentlemen, and removed from the Argus to the hospital, where every possible attention and assistance

would have been afforded him had he survived; but which was not, from the first moment, expected, from the shattered state of his thigh! At eleven, last night, he breathed his last! He was sensible, at intervals, till within ten minutes of his dissolution, when he sunk exhausted, and expired without a struggle! His lucid intervals were very cheerful; and he was satisfied and fully sensible that no advice or assistance would be wanting. A detached room was prepared by the commissary and chief surgeon, and female attendants engaged, that every tenderness and respect might be experienced. The master, purser, surgeon, and one midshipman, accompanied captain Allen, who was also attended by his two servants.

"I have communicated and arranged with the officers respecting the funeral, which will be in the most respectful, and at the same time economical manner. The port admiral has signified that it is the intention of his Britannick majesty's government that it be *publicly* attended by officers of rank, and with military honours. The time fixed for the procession is on Saturday, at eleven, A. M. A lieutenant-colonel's guard of the royal marines is also appointed. A wainscoat coffin has been ordered; on the breastplate of which will be inscribed as below. A tablet, whereon will be recorded the name, rank, age, and character of the deceased, and also of the midshipman, will be placed, (if it can be contrived) as I have suggested; both having lost their lives in fighting for the honour of their country.

"Mr. Delphy, one of the midshipmen, who lost *both* legs, and died at sea, was buried yesterday in Saint Andrew's church yard. I have requested that captain Allen may be buried as near him, on the right (in the same vault, if practicable) as possible.

"I remain, respectfully, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

"JOHN HAWKER,

"*Cidwant American vice consul.*

"To General Allen, &c. &c. &c. Providence,  
Rhode-Island."

That the enemy were not wanting in respect to his remains, that they acknowledged his bravery, and lamented that death, which alone insured them victory, the following extract from a London paper, abundantly proves.

"*Plymouth, August 24.*

"On Saturday last, the twenty-first, was interred with military honours, William Henry Allen, esquire, late commander of the United States' sloop of war Argus, who lost his left leg in an action with his majesty's sloop of war Pelican, J. F. Maples, esquire captain, in Saint George's channel, the fourteenth instant, whereof he died in Mill Prison Hospital, on the fifteenth following.



## PROCESSION.

Guard of honour.

Lieutenant colonel of royal marines,  
With two companies of that corps ;  
The captains, subalterns, and field adjutant,  
(Officers with hatbands and scarfs.)

Royal marine band.

Vicar and curate of Saint Andrew's.

Clerk of ditto.

## THE HEARSE,

With the corpse of the deceased captain,  
Attended by eight seamen, late of the Argus, with crape round  
their arms, tied with white crape ribbon.

Also eight British captains of the royal navy, as pall bearers,  
with hat bands and scarfs.

Captain Allen's servants, in mourning:

The officers late of the Argus, in uniform, with crape sashes  
and hat bands, two and two.

John Hawker, esquire, late American vice consul,  
and his clerks.

Captain Pellowe, commissioner for prisoners of war.

Dr. Magrath, chief medical officer at Mill Prison depot.

Captains of the royal navy in port, two and two.

Followed by a very numerous and respectable retinue of inhabitants:

"The procession left Mill Prison at twelve o'clock. The coffin was covered with a velvet pall, and the ensign under which the action was fought, and upon that, the hat and sword of the deceased were laid. On the coffin being removed to the hearse, the guard saluted; and when deposited in the hearse, the procession moved forward, the band playing the 'Dead March in Saul.' On their arrival near the church, the guard halted and clubbed arms, single files inward, through which the procession passed to the church into which the corpse was carried, and deposited in the centre aisle, whilst the funeral service was read by the reverend vicar, after which it was removed and interred in the south yard (passing through the guard in the same order from, as to the church) on the right of Mr. Delphy, midshipman of the Argus, who lost both his legs in the same action, and was buried the preceding evening."

Such has been the bright and enviable course of the lamented Allen. He has died, as he had lived, in the pursuit of glory,

and in the service of his country. His name will long be famous in the annals of our navy, and will descend to an admiring posterity, constellated with the names of Lawrence and those other heroes who have bravely fallen in this unequal, but glorious contest.

A presentiment of that fate, which awaited him, seems to have possessed his mind for some time previous to his last cruise. Just before sailing, he writes to his sister: "When you shall hear that I have ended my earthly career, that I only exist in the kind remembrance of my friends, you will forget my follies, forgive my faults, call to mind some little instances dear to reflection, to excuse your love for me, and shed one tear to the memory of

HENRY."

There is a consolation to his mourning country, in the reflection, that, though she loses his services forever, she adds one more imperishable name to the list of her worthies. That he did not die until he had matured his own, and added new splendour to her fame. That he nobly died defending the honour of her flag, and now sleeps enshrouded by it. Such heroick fortitude in death is more terrible to our foe, than even our conquests and captures. It shews that settled determination in our officers to render our navy illustrious, which must ultimately atchieve its object. None of our brave fellows have died ingloriously. Many have fallen; but they have fallen

"———like stars,  
Streaming splendour through the sky;"

and Albion, contemplating their death, trembles on the throne of naval supremacy.

But it is not in publick life alone, that the traits which designate character are to be sought. A man, with the soul of a robber, might boast an arm, which would "turn the tide of battle." It is when the virtues which adorn the walks of peace, mingle themselves with, and chasten the boisterous courage of the warrior, that the character of the hero is completed. Great as is the glory with which the name of Allen is encircled; notwithstanding all the lustre, which he has thrown around the flag of



our infant navy ; it is over the virtues of his private life, it is over the endearing recollections of domestick intercourse, that his friends linger with the fondest enthusiasm. His, were all those qualities, his, that sensibility, that amenity of heart, which form the agreeable companion, and the valuable friend. His loss will be long felt and acknowledged by his country ; but in the sweet domestick circle, of which he was the ornament and the pride, he will *never* be forgotten—It is there, he will be

“ Beloved, ’till worth can charm no more,  
And mourned, ’till pity’s self be dead.”

But a proud consolation mingles with the grief of his friends. He died the death which he had always chosen. He ceased not to exist until all the purposes worthy of existence were accomplished. His virtues have borne him to heaven, and he has left a name on earth, over which time can have little power.

“ From the dust his laurels bloom,  
High they shoot and flourish free ;  
Glory’s temple is the TOMB ;  
Death is IMMORTALITY.”

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## FROM MY PILLOW.

“ Dreams are but interludes, that fancy makes.”

Last evening, as I lay indulging in my accustomed ruminations, my thoughts were insensibly directed to a consideration of the multitude of poetick productions which have latterly poured from the English press ; and the many varieties of style, which the invention of modern writers has introduced into the walks of poesy. A comparative estimation of the respective merits of the authors of these innovations, naturally resulted from this course of thinking. But in vain did I seek for some criterion, by which to try the orthodoxy of poetick productions. In vain

did I assume, by turns, the various rules of excellence, with which the *generosity* of criticks has so plentifully furnished us. In vain did I endeavour, after the manner of Procrustes, to erect a bed of torture, on which to stretch and measure the objects of my consideration. On bringing my most favourite authors to the ordeal, I perceived, that, notwithstanding all the pleasure derived from their perusal, they must be condemned together, if judged by critical rules. The style of one was too exuberant; yet, from this very exuberance, did the glowing fervour of his descriptions evidently proceed, and I felt that I admired him for his fault. Another was too laconick and sententious; but the strength and simplicity of his expressions constituted his beauty. One wanted invention; but he painted nature in the colours of truth, and had he been more inventive, I should have liked him less. Another boldly broke through all rules, and soared into regions, purely the creation of fancy; but he introduced me to a world of magical wonders, and I could not regret the cold realities of the world, that I had left. In short, I thought I discovered, that rules could not be made for genius; that art destroyed its force and brilliancy, as we lead the lightning of the heavens inert and invisible, when we controul it by our inventions. That, by binding and taming the eagle, we destroyed "the terrour of his beak, and lightning of his eye." Tired at length with my disquisitions, and half dissatisfied with my conclusions, I insensibly yielded to the influence of that benevolent God, whose benignity, (to use the sage words of the wise governour of Barritaria,) "covers a man all over like a cloak." Though under the dominion of sleep, my thoughts were still directed to the same subjects; but they were no longer under the steady guidance of the matron reason, but the sport of fancy, that frolicsome madcap of a wanton, whose rogueries are perpetually teasing, and yet constitute a large proportion of the happiness of life. Under her guidance I soon found myself on a vast plain, crossed and divided by numerous intersecting paths. By my side stood the genius of Instruction. On one side lay the vast temple of Interest, to which most of the paths finally conducted. In another direction, I beheld the paths lead-



ing to the fane of Virtue, with only "here and there a traveller;" and before my eyes was a mountain, lofty, precipitous and craggy, on whose summit was a dome, hiding its lofty turrets in the clouds. This temple was sacred to POETICK FAME. To this my attention was particularly directed; as I understood from my guide, that I should there have an opportunity of observing the paths and progress of my favourite authors. I could not, however, but observe, that in the middle of the plain there was a vast multitude, wandering carelessly about, without attempting a progress in either of the paths; but seemingly contented with their present situation, and deriding the painful exertions of the persevering travellers in their view. These, I learned, were the subjects of Indolence, whose "listless length" was stretched on a couch of roses, and of Ignorance, ever busy without an object, and ever industrious without atchieving any thing. Passing this crowd, I approached the mountain, to take a nearer view of the few who were toiling towards its summit. So steep were the sides, and so craggy, that to reach the top, by a direct ascent, was impossible; but there were various paths winding in different directions, which I was informed, led to the temple on its summit, though few possessed vigour and perseverance paramount to the difficulties of the way. A little way up the mountain, I observed certain persons who appeared to have resigned every idea of farther progress, and were employing themselves in throwing dirt and stones at those who were in earnest endeavouring to reach the temple, with a diligence and perseverance of exertion, which must have surmounted every obstruction, had they been employed in ascending. These I understood to be criticks, and on closer observation, I easily knew Jeffries and Gifford, their leaders, who were standing by themselves, a little farther up the side. The latter of these, my guide informed me, had once nearly attained the summit; but from a paltry ambition of shewing that he could throw stones as well as the former, had voluntarily descended, and now employed himself in pelting those whom Jeffries suffered to pass unassailed. I could not but observe that a most virulent animosity existed between these two troublesome characters, and that when

a poet, in his ascent, chanced to come between them, they very often took advantage of the circumstance, to pelt each other most heartily.

“Much learned dust involved the combatants,  
Each claiming truth, and truth disclaiming both.

I confess it was with much astonishment, that I observed that those who received their uncivil salutations, generally bore them with much meekness and apparent good nature, and very seldom indulged in any retaliative measures. On expressing my wonder at this circumstance, my guide informed me, that few were ever injured by their malice; and no one, unless he stood far below them—and that those who had ascended higher up the mountain, usually diverted themselves, when thrown at, by laughing to behold their impotent weapons recoil upon their own heads. Once indeed, he said there had been some considerable disturbance on that side the mountain—that one lord Byron, (whom I now observed far up, and approaching the temple with rapid step) when he first began to ascend, had brought with him a favourite “Childe,” whom Jeffries had pelted without mercy—and that his lordship, resenting this usage, had taken advantage of a higher station, and so pelted and bespattered Jeffries and all his friends, that they had exhibited a more modest demeanor ever since. Among the lower criticks, I took notice of several strange fellows, designated by the name of Parodists, whose whim and business seemed to be, to frisk about in a Harlequin dress, with a fools cap and bells, and to burlesque the elegant movements of those who were passing up the steep. Among these, it is almost unnecessary to say, that I remarked George Coleman the younger, distinguished from his companions, by his “BROAD GRINS,” and by bearing on his shoulder, in place of an epaulet, a small volume, on which was inscribed, “THE LADY OF THE WRECK;” and which, I understood, entitled him to the rank and title of Ribaldrist General. But my attention was here called off by my attendant Genius, (with a gentle reproach for paying so much attention to objects so far below deserving it,) to observe the progress of those who were in ear-



nest endeavouring to arrive at the hallowed fane of Fame. Before me lay a smooth and easy way, composed of steps of equal length. Around this path no verdure appeared—no flower bloomed on its borders—and the dull monotony of the Cuckoo's song, was the only sound that broke on the traveller's ear. By this passage it was, that Pope,\* (half buoying himself on pinions, which he had formed from the stolen plumage of a Grecian eagle,) had with a kind of ostrich progression, reached the top, but all his servile followers had attempted the ascent in vain.

At the foot of this path, I beheld one whom I instantly knew to be Montgomery, the "Muse of sorrow's child." He had once ascended up some little way, but was now at the bottom; his progress having been for some time, what an Irishman would call "advancing backwards." Parallel to this way, was the walk of Dryden—but it was wilder and more various—spangled with flowers, and refreshed by gales of fragrance. Farther North, were the different paths by which Scott and Southey had arrived at the summit. Though unlike each other in many respects, they were both wild and luxuriant, now passing through groves of mountain pine, now winding around precipices, half concealed by overhanging woodbine and heathbell—now lost to the sight behind "thunder splintered" craggs, and now passing on with gently waving ascent, through fields of roses and "gaudy broom." I looked in vain to find my favourites in their paths, and on enquiring the reason, was informed by the genius, that they had long since arrived at the Temple of Fame, and were now singing around her altar. Here my attention was directed to a pathway, which, from its uncommon wildness, appeared absolutely impassable; as its course often lay over rocks, precipitous and broken, and sometimes descended into chasms, never

\* The excellence of Pope, as a melodious versifier, and a faithful translator cannot be doubted; yet he certainly did not possess "the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling." With a very few exceptions, he may be said to have left nothing behind him which can lay claim to the character of originality. It is his translations and paraphrases of other authors which have given him eminence. His style, though musical and correct, is certainly disagreeably monotonous.

illuminated, but by the orgies of Hecate ; and was constantly infested with "horrid shapes, and sights, and shrieks unholy"—not but that the richest flowrets dressed and perfumed its wildest recesses, and

"Such sights, as youthful poets dream  
On summer eve, by haunted stream,"

were often presenting themselves to the traveller's eye. This path, I learned from my conductor, had been trod by one alone, whose more than mortal vigour enabled him to "scale with steady step," its wild abruptness, and revisit safe the light of heaven, "From caverns deep, dug by no mortal hand." I need not say it was the wild bard of Avon. Curiosity inducing me to inquire in what manner the blind Milton had ascended, I was informed, that he had never travelled up the mountain at all, but had been borne on the pinions of angels to a higher abode—that though his name was inscribed, on everduring marble, in the Temple of Fame, yet that the poet had never been her worshipper—and that he now received the reward of his piety, in being admitted to join in the musick around the throne of God, and mingle his songs with the harmony of heaven. After this, it was impossible to feel any interest in observing the stragglers at the foot of the mountain ; and the disgust, which I could not but feel, at beholding Coleridge endeavouring to ascend on the back of a "young ass," and Haley, perpetually celebrating "triumphs" without triumphing over one foot of his way, at length awoke me, and "Lo, it was a dream, but the thing was certain and the interpretation sure."



## BOTANY.

Nec vero segetibus solum, pratis, et vineis, et arbustis res rusticæ lætæ sunt, sed etiam hortis et pomariis: tum pecudum pastu, apium examinibus, florum omnium varietate. CICERO.

TO say much in commendation of a science, whose excellence is so generally appreciated as that of botany, would be unnecessary. Some thoughts, however, on its great utility, and on the various advantages accruing from botanick gardens, may not be inopportune. The advantageous application of botanical knowledge to agriculture, to gardening, medicine, and other arts, is generally acknowledged. How many articles, now procured at great expense, might be cultivated by us to advantage, if once introduced and acclimated. But why should not this most interesting branch of natural history be cultivated in this country for its intrinsic excellence, apart from the consideration of its furnishing medicines, and articles for the dyer? Can nothing please unaccompanied by the promise of pecuniary benefit?

“ Search but the garden, or the wood,  
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,  
 Not *all* was meant for raiment, or for food,  
 Not all for needful use alone;  
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,  
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.”

Surely the study of natural history may well occupy some portion of the time of the rising generation; and it is to be hoped the Trustees of the University will see the propriety of giving some substantial encouragement for its extension among us.

The claim, which botany has to our attention, when considered merely as an elegant amusement, ought not to be neglected; an amusement calculated to interest the understanding, while it promotes health and vigour of constitution. Every other study must yield to that of nature; for who will venture to compare

the most finished productions of art with the originals, whence were drawn the ideas of their beauty and proportion ? It is however, necessary to the progress of this science, that the student should be supplied with actual and living specimens. The imperfection of language to give an adequate idea of any vegetable production, must be generally admitted ; and the most beautiful and accurate drawings or engravings fall so far short of that delicacy and minuteness of parts—those peculiarities incident to its post, or habit and growth, on which its scientific distinctions depend ; that it is only from living plants we can hope to obtain those distinctions which are necessary to discriminate these numerous productions, or to extend the limits of the science itself. How important then must be the advantages of a botanick garden properly laid out, and supplied with the beautiful productions of vegetable nature which this country so abundantly affords. To unbend the mind from severer studies, and renovate the hebetated faculties and corporeal powers, by withdrawing at times from the busy scenes of life—those confining occupations, which, however lucrative, induce obstinate maladies, is worthy the endeavour of the wise. And what place so fit for exercise and innocent recreation as a garden, furnished with a pleasing variety of plants. Lord Bacon declared, that “of all human pleasures, that of a garden is the purest ; and highly refreshes and recreates the spirits ; insomuch that without it, buildings and palaces are but gross handy works, that have nothing of nature in them.” It is true this has respect to ornamental gardening, considered as a fine art : Yet it must be admitted that the plan and disposal of a botanick garden, do not necessarily preclude elegance of design, nor beauty of arrangement. To walk amid so many species of plants, assembled from different countries, and inhale their rich perfumes ;\* to mark their varied forms, apprised of the healing virtues of some, and of the beneficent purposes for which all were ordained, must, to the contemplative mind, afford no common gratification. Although it is not expected that all who walk in a garden, should, with

\* *Suaves odores miscent herbæ.* VIRGIL.



Harvey, fancy forced similitudes between the parts of a flower and the circumstance of the Redeemer's suffering—or task each plant to furnish lessons of religion and morality ; yet we may challenge any one not to cherish emotions of gratitude to heaven, on admiring in a rose, the elegance of its form, the beauty of its colour, and its delicious fragrancy.

*"Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,  
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew ;  
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,  
They sprung to cheer the sense, and glad the heart."*

That the sublime science of botany possesses charms exclusive of great enterprise and exertions, the examples of Tournefort, of Linnæus, of Bartram, of Dombey, the Michauxs, and other illustrious botanists sufficiently manifest.

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## SELECTED.

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FROM THE QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL MAGAZINE.

### A MEDITATION ON THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

*"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."*

THE hope of existing after the present life, was not utterly lost from among mankind, even amidst the darkness and corruptions of Paganism. But the prospect was so obscure, and the hope so uncertain, that it could afford but small consolation in their last moments, to the wisest and most virtuous men of the Heathen world. And to all others, it was so blended with the melancholy phantoms of a superstitious imagination, that it ser-

ved rather to oppress, than to shed any comfort on the hour of death. But, in the Gospel of our blessed Saviour, the doubtful expectations of nature are rendered clear and certain ; the obscurities of reason are enlightened ; and to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, there is added a principle, which the human mind had never before dared to conceive ; I mean that of the resurrection of the body, and its future and eternal re-union with the soul in a happy state of existence.

This doctrine, which is peculiarly precious to man, inasmuch as it brings our future existence more within the comprehension of the mind, and gives it a stronger interest in the heart, was received at first with astonishment and incredulity, both by Jews and Greeks. Against the objections or the doubts of the one and of the other, the apostle, in this chapter demonstrates both its possibility and its conformity to reason, and points out the unspeakable consolation which the pious hope that, *this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality*, is fitted to impart to every true believer amidst the various trials and sorrows of this life.

Let me invite the pious reader, therefore, to employ with me a few moments in meditating on the resurrection of the body ; the certainty and importance of the doctrine, its practical uses, and its spiritual consolations. And may it impart to us those holy comforts, those blessed supports under the distressing vicissitudes of the world, and finally, that victory over the fears of death, which amidst labours and persecutions, and the certain anticipations of martyrdom for the cause of his Redeemer, formed the joy and triumph of the apostle himself.

In the first place, let us contemplate the evidences of the resurrection of the body, yielded by the physical world, notwithstanding its apparent contradiction to the general laws of nature. It has been at all times, as well as in the age of the apostle, thought to be a question beyond the powers of philosophy to resolve, *with what bodies do they come ?* Can these corporeal systems, after they have been long dissolved into their original elements, and variously dispersed by winds and waves in a thousand different directions ; after they have successively passed, perhaps



into a thousand different bodies, be again collected and re-organized in the same body which perished at death? If it were possible, would it be a reasonable object of desire, in that spiritual and immortal state, that the soul should be again united to a sluggish mass, which might be regarded as its former prison, which impaired its active powers, and was perhaps the seat of all the errors of reason, and of all the disorders of the passions?

The sacred writer, who presents these objections, answers them by a beautiful analogy taken from the grain which the husbandman casts into the earth. It seems to perish. It becomes a mass of putrefaction, and like the body laid in the grave. But there is a delicate, almost imperceptible germ which survives, and presently assumes a new and much more beautiful form. Can we doubt but that the whole vegetable, with all its beautiful apparatus of fruits and flowers, was included in that minute and invisible particle, which receives a new life in the midst of death? And may not the soul, (it is the suggestion of an ancient philosopher,) in parting from its present abode, carry along with it that material principle, which shall become hereafter the germ of a new and more glorious organization? Shall we deem this impossible, because the fineness and subtlety of this principle at present eludes our perceptions? But are we not constantly surrounded with forms of matter not less imperceptible to sense? Is that mysterious power obvious to our sight or feeling, which points the needle to the pole; or that mightier influence, which binds to one centre the vast orbs that compose our system, which however is constantly operating within us and around us?

Learn another lesson on the resurrection, from the numerous transmutations of the insect tribes, which daily pass under our view. A deformed and sluggish grub weaves a tomb for itself. It seems to become extinct; but in a little time we see it mount into the air in a new form, adorned with the most beautiful colours.

Of spiritual and celestial objects, which are so far above the reach of our present faculties, frequently we can judge only by analogy. And although such analogies can never convey adequate images of those *things which eye hath not seen, and of which*

*it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive ; yet they seem to throw some feeble rays of light upon them, and to offer some foundation, on which the mind, exhausted by its efforts to conceive them, can rest.—Look round thee then, O man ! who thinkest that the dead cannot be raised from the dust, and from that profound oblivion, in which they seem to be for ever lost ; and does not all nature teach thee important lessons, and present thee with impressive images of the future resurrection of the just ? Behold the new creation, which every vernal season produces, when all the glories of the year are seen to spring, if I may speak so, from the tomb of winter. These images, indeed, are only imperfect illustrations, adapted to the weakness of our senses, of that great object of faith : the only solid and immoveable foundation of a Christian's hope is, the infallible promise of the spirit of truth. *But now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that sleep.* The time is coming when *all they who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth, they that have done well, to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of damnation.**

Another objection against the doctrine, is drawn from the ills and inconveniences, to which the soul is subjected by its union with the body in the present life. This sluggish and unwieldy mass of matter, is supposed to be rather the prison than the helpful companion of the active spirit ; to cloud and darken the clearness of its perceptions, and to oppress and enchain the activity of its powers. Although this should be true of the present gross and disordered bodies, which we inhabit, yet such is the nature and order of human spirits, that it is only by being united to some corporeal organized system, that they can receive any ideas. And at the resurrection of the just, all that is gross, all that is disordered, all that is impure, shall be forever separated from the bodies of the saints, raised to immortal life ; and their powers, their activity, and glory, shall correspond with the exalted rank which the soul shall hold in the scale of being in her celestial state. Do you ask, then, if they can be the same bodies that we inhabited here, which shall assume such a different and glorious appearance ? Yes, truly ! do we not continually behold the



same elements capable of receiving the most various forms? What resemblance is there between those beautiful and active tribes which fill the air with their harmony, and the lifeless egg from which they have sprung? Do not the same elements compose the unsightly clay, which we trample beneath our feet, and the resplendent diamond, which glitters in the crowns of princes: the lightning, which, in its destructive course, rends oaks and rocks to pieces; and the mild and glorious rays of the sun, that give life, and health, and beauty to the whole universe? Accordingly, the apostle hath said, all flesh is not the same in its outward form and visible appearance: *There is one flesh of men, and another of beasts. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another of the stars*, though all proceeding from the same light. Not less difference, O believers! may we expect to find between our present tenements of clay, which, at death, return to their original dust, and those celestial temples, in which, the glorified spirit shall dwell for ever. Raised to heaven by the power and love of the Redeemer, to inhabit those glorious worlds of light above, this corporeal system will be conformed in beauty and perfection to its immortal habitations.— *This mortal shall put on immortality. Sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power; sown in dishonour, it shall be raised in glory; sown a natural or gross and animal body, it shall be raised a spiritual body; that is, a body infinitely refined and purified from the dregs of matter, and possessing at once both the rapid energy and the imperishable nature of spirit. It shall there be invested with new powers, and be fitted with new organs adapted to its celestial state; and having attained its highest perfection, shall shine with undecaying lustre in the kingdom of God.*

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, therefore, as it is explicitly taught in the holy Scriptures, so it contains nothing which violates reason, and which is not even supported and rendered credible by the course of nature.

Let us then, in the next place, take a brief review of the importance of this doctrine. I mean not merely the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, but that of the resurrection of the body, and its immortal existence in re-union with the soul.

In the first place, it meets in the best possible manner, our ideas and hopes of happiness.

Spirits there may be, of a superiour order, which have no connexion with any material system, and are not dependant for their knowledge or their enjoyments, on any sensible organs. But of their modes of existence, and their sources of happiness, we can frame no conception. All our ideas, and all our pleasures, come to us through the medium of sense : and our spirits are of such an order, as has been before remarked, that their knowledge, their felicity, their perfection, depend on their connexion in some way with a corporeal system. Every thing connects us with the body, every thing attaches us to the body. Even the severest afflictions, the keenest pains, do not quench in the soul, this strong and inextinguishable love of its companion ; unless guilt, by creating despair, has first induced a dread of future existence. Hence the apostle has said ; *we, who are in this tabernacle, do groan, being burthened, not that we would be unclothed ; not that it is the object of these anxious wishes to be disembodied, but clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven ;* with that celestial, that regenerated body, which shall be freed from all the pains and imperfections of this mortal flesh, and which is only our present nature exalted to its ultimate perfection and glory. *The earnest expectation of the creature,* continues the same apostle, *waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God,* at the resurrection of the just. *The whole creation groaneth : even those, who have received the most precious gifts of the Spirit, groan within themselves, waiting for the redemption of the BODY.* What, indeed, would be the pleasure of existence to the soul, if we could suppose it, conscious of existence, deprived of the action and the aid of the senses, which are at present the only inlets of its knowledge, and the chief sources of its enjoyments ?

The christian doctrine of the resurrection, then, corresponds with the dearest hopes and wishes of the human heart. It assists, likewise, the perceptions of faith. We are not now left in total uncertainty and darkness with regard to the nature of our future being. Some conjectures we can frame concerning it, without the hazard of being lost entirely in the unsubstantial re-



gions of fancy. A future existence is no longer an inscrutable mystery. Although it offers to our hopes a condition of being inconceivably improved above the present, still we can discern between them some points of resemblance, which present to us ideas on that subject, at once intelligible to reason, and infinitely precious to the human heart.—There, believer! your faculties will be employed as here: but with an activity and vigour inconceivably augmented, in searching into the wonderful works of God; in admiring the order, the beauty, and harmony of the universal system; in adoring, and, with the angels, endeavouring to penetrate the astonishing mysteries of divine grace to man. Blessed and eternal sources of knowledge and of happiness! The faculties which you now feebly exert in the search of truth, in the love and service of your Creator, your Redeemer, and your fellow-men; will be new created in celestial vigour, and raised in a state of undescribable excellence and perfection. All the obstacles to your advancement in knowledge, at present arising from the narrowness of this corporeal sphere, the imperfection of these mortal powers, the inactivity and sluggishness of these gross and earthly organs, will be for ever removed. That carnal and disordered mass, which now renders the body the seat of impure passions, and impedes the holy aspirations of the soul, will be refined and purified. A body of celestial and incorruptible light, a spiritual body, as it is styled by the apostle; that is, a body active and unembarrassed in its movements, like spirit, rapid as imagination and thought, will in heaven be the fit instrument of the glorified soul, in its sublime and blissful employments.

From the doctrine of the resurrection of the same body, results another happy anticipation; the future knowledge of our pious friends, with whom we have been connected on earth, the re-union, in the highest felicity, of the same hearts which have been united here in the tenderest affections —Delightful and ravishing hope! What pictures may imagination frame of friendship renewed in heaven; of the mutual joys of pious friends, who meet on that happy and eternal shore, escaped from all the

ills and dangers of life ; of their sweet intercourse, purified from all the passions and weaknesses of the flesh, which disturb the harmony of this world ; of the range, they may be permitted to enjoy in society with each other, among the innumerable glories of the heavenly world, to nourish their devotion, and to diversify their happiness ; of those flights which they may be allowed to take together into distant provinces of the universal empire of God, to collect the knowledge of nature, or to admire and adore him in the astonishing operations of his hands ; or of the rapture, with which, every ray of the Sun of Righteousness will penetrate their hearts, when they turn their faces towards the heavenly Zion, the more immediate residence of the divine glory, to raise their common devotions to the Father of the universe, and to recognise, at the foot of his throne, their mutual and boundless obligations to redeeming love ?—But, restraining all unlicensed excursions of fancy ; exquisite, and how ineffable must be the felicity springing from a thousand different sources, which you shall enjoy from meeting in those blissful and everlasting habitations, the friends whom you have most tenderly and affectionately loved upon earth. Oh ! how is the religion of our ever-blessed Saviour adapted to the best and most excellent feelings of human nature ! How is it fitted to cherish the noblest and sweetest sympathies of the human heart ! Away with that cold philosophy, which would destroy these precious consolations ! which at death would devote our existence to eternal oblivion, and hopelessly rend asunder those delightful unions, which form the dearest portion of ourselves ; the chief joy of our being ?—Yes, christian friends ! beloved relatives ! though you may be separated by death from those whom you have most loved ; although you may often be clothed with the emblems of mourning and grief, which but feebly express the deep affliction which penetrates your hearts, religion points you to a source of divine and eternal consolations. You are separated for a moment, only to be restored to one another in a most blissful and eternal union. A tear, a pang you are allowed to give to nature ; but it is the command of the gospel, *weep not, as those who have no hope.* Jesus ! Saviour ! who art the first fruit of the resurrection from



the dead ; who art thyself the resurrection and the life ! we adore and bless thee, who hast given this consolation to suffering humanity !

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, seems also to be intimately connected with our accountable state in this world, and with our future judgment. In this view, it will have the most important moral influence upon the conduct of mankind. If the soul were not to be re-united to the body, not being the same persons hereafter that we are here, might we not lose the consciousness of a former existence, and of our accountability for the actions of a being in all respects so different ? But, believing in the resurrection of the body, in the completeness of the same person, in the consciousness which each one shall have of all that he has done in a previous state of existence ; then every action, every word, every thought becomes important in its reference to eternity, and is continually impressing some colour, or some shade of colour on our everlasting destinies. The body which shall be raised being included in the present, being of its substance, having the same organization, the whole man shall preserve the same dispositions, habits, and affections, which form the character in the present life. These shall decide our condition in happiness or in misery, on which, the judgment of heaven shall fix its everlasting seal. What we have been, we shall be for ever. The impressions, which we receive, the pursuits in which we have been engaged, the inclinations, which have been created and cherished in the heart in our probationary existence, shall form the basis of our character throughout an immortal duration.

What are the conclusions then, what are the exhortations we should derive from these serious and interesting truths ? The same which the apostle has already urged on all christians—*Let not sin reign in your mortal bodies ; purify yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh, and of the spirit.* Dishonour not your bodies by intemperance or lust, for *they are the temples* of the living God. And never let it escape your memory and attention, in whatever you undertake or do in necessary business, or in lawful amusement, in the plans of deliberate design, or under

the impulse of more sudden passion, that *we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to receive according to what we have done in the body, whether it be good or whether it be evil.*

Christians ! what sublime and glorious prospects does our holy religion present to the imagination ! What blessed and delightful hopes to the heart !—I speak of sincere believers ; for although the doctrine of the resurrection applies also to *the wicked, who will rise to shame and everlasting contempt*, yet the apostle in this passage confines his reflections wholly to the destiny of the righteous.

But what tongue of men or of angels can describe the heavenly Jerusalem, the seat of their happiness, the celestial Eden, the paradise of God ? Those scenes of everlasting peace and blessedness, those mansions illuminated by the eternal splendours of the Sun of Righteousness, those bodies of light, those souls of fire ! It would require the eloquence of heaven to speak of them as they deserve ; to understand them fully would require the ripened powers of immortality. *For eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those that love him.*—Christians ! disciples and servants of the Lord Jesus Christ ! are you destined to such glory and happiness ? Have you the same foundation for this precious hope as for your religion itself ?—Let it prove the most powerful motive to you to cultivate in your hearts those affections of piety, in your lives those habits of holiness, which will prepare you for your eternal existence in the heavens. By temperance, by purity, by the exercise of every virtue, endeavour to assimilate more and more these perishing bodies to that pure and celestial nature, in which you shall hereafter behold the glory of God.

Listen, christians ! to one reflection more on this interesting subject. The hope of the resurrection strips death of its greatest terrors. Death is no longer what it appears to be—the destruction of our being. It yields to the grave only the grossest parts of these mortal bodies. The finer essence shall still cleave to the soul, and be improved with immortal vigour and glory, in the resurrection at the last day. The stroke of death shall



cause no intermission in the consciousness of a happy existence. Even if the soul itself, according to the opinion of some good men, should sleep till the revivification of universal nature, there is no perception of time in the insensibility of sleep. The moment of dissolution shall touch on that of our restoration to life. The grave, sanctified by the death, triumphed over by the resurrection of our blessed Saviour, is now to all his disciples only the gate to a new, a glorious, and immortal existence. *This corruptible shall put on incorruption. This mortal shall put on immortality.* O DEATH! then, where is thy sting? O GRAVE! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen!

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## CHARACTER OF THE SERPENT,

*From M. De Chateaubriand's beauties of Christianity.*

THE present age rejects with disdain whatever has any tincture of the marvellous: arts, sciences, morals, religion, are all stripped of their enchantments. The serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and if we may venture to speak out, we have often imagined that we could discover in him that pernicious sagacity and that subtlety which are ascribed to him by scripture. Every thing is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals; it is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fins, nor feet, nor wings; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magick, he reappears and is gone again, like a light azure vapour, or the gleams of a sabre in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle, and projects a tongue of fire; now standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a

ball; rises and falls in a spiral line; gives to his rings the undulations of waves; twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadows, or skims along the surface of water. His colours are not more determinate than his activity; they change with each new point of view, and like his motion they possess false splendour and deceitful variety.

Still more astonishing in the rest of his manners, he knows, like a man polluted with murder, how to throw aside his garment distained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the female can receive back into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth.

The serpent passes whole months in sleep; he frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons which chill, burn, or checker the body of his victim with the colours with which he is himself marked. In one place, he raises his *two menacing heads*; in another he sounds a rattle; he hisses like an eagle of the mountain; he bellows like a bull. He naturally associates with all moral or religious ideas, as if in consequence of the influence which he exercised over our destiny. An object of horror or adoration, men either feel an implacable hatred against him, or bow before his genius; falsehood calls him to his aid, and prudence claims him as her own; in hell he arms the scourges of the furies, in heaven, eternity is typified by his image. He moreover possesses the art of seducing innocence; his eyes fascinate the birds of the air, and beneath the fern of the crib, the ewe to him gives up her milk. But he may himself be charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds; and to subdue him, the shepherd needs no other weapon than his pipe.

In the month of July, 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattlesnake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his en-



venomed fangs, and his bloody throat; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, whence proceeds the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity as to resemble a light vapour.

The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprise and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magick effect, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded, and sink, one after another, upon the ground in concentrick circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment, the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing, with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and beginning to follow him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner, he was led out of our camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed that the serpent which had so highly entertained them, should be permitted to escape.

FROM PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

[IT is refreshing to the soul, sickened by the uninteresting trash, and illiberal sarcasms of modern Tourists, who have travelled in their closets, like CARR, for the sake of "making a book," crossed a desert like VOLNEY, to seek arguments in favour of infidelity, or rambled over a country to glean food for national prejudice, like the generous MOORE of song-singing memory: sometimes to have an opportunity of lingering over the descriptions of those "sentimental travellers," who have crossed oceans and traversed climes, to note the varieties of *mankind*, and not of roads, bridges, and the weather. The following extract from "Gleanings in Westphalia," we think, may justly entitle their interesting author, to a place on the same shelf in our libraries, with the far-famed author of the "sentimental journey."]

EDITOR.

AS to clay-built cottages, woodland inhabitants, rustick songs, and lazy waterfalls, they are passed by as fit only for country Corydons, or shepherdesses bemused. Far different is the attractive scenery of a world's man and woman—the broad and beaten track amidst the crush and clatter of coaches, which are so wedged together that they move as if in funeral procession,—walks, so crammed, that you cannot pass without difficulty,—a cluster of glaring lamps stuck upon trees, to the blush of the moon beam,—the sun himself shut out to make way for a parcel of artificial lights, brought into an unwholesome room crowded with company and card tables,—a kind of elegant pest-house where people infect one another by common consent, and are suffocated on principles of politeness—These are the appreciated scenes of men and women of the world!—And I ought not to fail observing, that, amongst these well-bred broiled and roasted, who sit with the perseverance of a hatching hen, as if nailed to the sides of the card table,—there are always a certain number of sentimental misses, who affect to have souls superior to such waste of time, and build up a sort of reputation on never touching a card, but when politeness, or a dowager mamma, insists on her making up the set.—These damsels fidget, or glide about the rooms, and ogle their fair images in the pier glasses, till picked up by stray batchelors, or cut out married men, or song-transcribing young striplings, who get into



prattling parties, or file off into corners for a touch of the *partheticks*, or construct the horn work of a future siege in a whispered *tete a tete*. Most of those light troops assure you of their detestation of the town, but yet run their pretty faces into one or other of its hot-houses every night, and go through a summer campaign amidst more fire and smoke, than would melt down the constitution of the whole board of aldermen. Mean time there is another set dispersed here and there, insidiously laying a mine to blow up reputations, and while the game of the other parties goes on, these engineers prepare a very notable masked battery, and play off their artillery, as if only in a mock action, at your wife or daughter, till they almost surrender at discretion before your face. The play amongst the card veterans, becomes too intense for observing on any stratagems but their own: the card passions are all at work, breaking the unlucky chairs of some, biting the lips, gnashing the teeth, slapping the foreheads, or stamping the feet of others, and while the *honours* are lost by one, and the *odd trick* gained by another, the mistress of the house slaves in hospitality, and struggles through the elegant mob, with more toil and difficulty, than a landlady at an election dinner!

“But somewhat too much of this.” Let us fly from these artificial beings, to the children of nature and the heart. Suffer me to reconduct you to the simple, yet ever-blooming paths, from which these world-warped tribes have too long led us astray.

Allow me to place you once more within sight of the flute and voice I mentioned to you before, and listen to the magick that ensued. The wood notes, wild as they were, charmed me. I rose and advanced. A few paces brought me within sight of a cottage door, which was wide open. The song and musick proceeded, mingled with dancing, of which I could rather hear the happy step, than perceive the enlivening figure. But I was presently observed, and actually as fair a maid, accompanied by as blooming a youth as Arcadia ever fancied, tripped forward without quitting hands to invite me into their dwelling. You are here prepared for

"The white wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,

"The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door, &c."

All these, and more were to be seen, but the insides of cottages in all countries have been so many thousand times furnished and unfurnished, either by real tour-makers, or those who, like the Virtuoso in the comedy, only travel in the books, then publish their *travels through other people's books*, (all which, you know, may be very commodiously done at home, without stirring out of their elbow chairs) and moreover, *book-cottages* are all so much alike for neatness, accommodation, arrangement, and furniture, that I could rather wish you would upon this, as upon a former occasion, make choice of the description you like best, out of the whole collection of voyages and travels that may be in your library, and assure yourself, that whatever comes nearest to a simplicity, which does not exclude convenience, will give you a just idea of my Westphalian cot.

As the first day of the Carme was solemnizing while I was at the village Chapel, so that on which I entered this woodland habitation was the last of that festival; and this peasant family were then celebrating it. Religion therefore, no less than hospitality, and both under guidance of sincerity, invited me to assist at the felicity. Every simple delicacy of fruit and flower, was in an instant placed before me. Their discourse was so provincial, that probably a German citizen of Cleves, might have found a difficulty to decypher it. But the language of bounty, like that of love is universal:

"All heads can reach it, and all hearts conceive."

It is the volume of nature; one of its fairest pages was spread open. Had I run I could have read it: and, believe me, my generous friend, it exhibited instruction well worth the observance of those who live in prouder dwellings. I found here no broad, coarse ridicule at my ignorance; none at my intrusion. I was a stranger within the gate, but I received the welcome of a friend. They discovered no wish to know from whence I came, or whither I was going, save a short expressed assurance, that when I, myself, found it proper for me to depart, I might be



sure of being put into the right way. A very old man and woman, a labourer, who was the musician, the youth and maiden whom I have before mentioned, and three more couple of lads and lasses, formed the assembly. Soon after my entrance, every body found something to do for me expressive of good will. The aged man gave up his rush arm chair, and insisted on my occupying it; the matron his wife contributed a cushion from a wicker one that stood opposite; the eldest daughter, still in a dancing step, (the carriage of the lightest articles disputed by her attendant youth, in his dancing measures also,) brought to the table and spread on it a cloth, white even as her apparent innocence. Another presented me with a bowl of new milk, another with fruits, another came bounding in with flowers, moistened by the evening dew-drop. Bread, butter, and slices of ham, were added to the banquet, and when I had nothing left to be done for me, my entertainers did not stand, like many, even British rusticks, so taken by surprise, to stare me out of appetite, and with wide opened mouths, as if they could themselves swallow all that they had set before me; but wishing me good appetite resumed their festivities. Never was the banquet of a monarch more harmonious—seldom so disinterestedly; but all at once I missed the musician, and one of the dancers supplied his place, the old man nodded time with his head, then beat it with his stick, and the matron accompanied with her foot. Time flew insensibly—the sun was in another hemisphere—the moon set—the stars became clouded, and the combining influence of these several circumstances forced on me the consideration, then first remembered, that I was a benighted gleaner, several leagues from the town, whence I had wandered by innumerable cross paths, just as fancy had carried me. The good people read my embarrassment, and chased it away by fresh dances, songs, and musick; in the midst of which, up rose the veteran, and with an air of gallantry giving his hand to the aged dame, who had literally been his partner for eight and fifty years, hobbled an alamande, with much more agility than could have been expected. He then ran into a dance, which they call *Schleifern*, consisting simply in two persons of either sex, taking hold of

each other's dress behind, and moving in a circle to slow music: a way-lost man, in a stormy night upon an heath, would have forgot his condition while this dance was performing, had he reflected on the occasion of it, which was a genuine effusion of hospitality to man, and gratitude to God. The young folks became wild with pleasure, and struck into many artless gaities, till they encircled the old ones in a kind of spontaneous dance which gradually contracted the circle, so that in the end they had the aged couple closed within their arms. Every one present formed a part of the love-knot, and had share of the embrace. It was one of the prettiest impromptu's of gaiety and affection I ever beheld; and I repeat, that a traveller who had unknown leagues at midnight to measure back without a guide, must have forgot his fears. When the frolick was over, the good veteran led his ancient dame back to her chair, with the same courtesy and natural grace he had conducted her from it, and as she sat down, there was a transitory glow in her cheeks, which exercise and felicity had called into them. It was a momentary renovation of her youthful days, in which she must have been extremely handsome; for time that had robbed her of the colourings, had committed less violent ravage on the proportion of her beauty. Her husband looked at *her* with affection, and then at the company with some little elevation of self-love, at the feats he had performed.

Before these animating trifles (of great figure in domestick happiness) had time to grow cold, the original musician, whom I told you was the labourer, returned introducing an old soldier, who saluted me, at first sight, in excellent French, which almost in the next instant, he translated into very interpretable, though ungrammatical English. He lost no time in telling me, that the cottager had fetched him from an house where he had been passing part of the Carme, above a league's distance, for no other reason than to conduct me back to the place from whence I came; promising me at the same time, said the soldier, a suitable reward for my trouble, but that I shall not accept of, seeing I have the honour, Sir, to be your countryman.



Consider, my friend, a while, the unbought, nay, unsolicited hospitality of this groupe of poor peasants—take a retrospect of their behaviour—finish the picture by supposing you see the old man and his wife, *thanking me* for the pleasure they had in entertaining me : fail not to paint on the canvass the old soldier offering himself to me as a voluntary guide, in case I should persist in refusing the bed, which both the aged and the young would have yielded to me ; then, on setting, out, under favour of the rising moon, let your imagination give form and figure to the whole groupe of youths and maidens, attending me part of the way, still dancing, while the honest minstrel labourer completed the midnight serenade ! and the whole was performed with so much sport, glee, and goodwill, to the sounds of which a thousand woodland echoes responded, that the veriest misanthrope would have been converted into a lover of mankind. I do protest to you, I never felt my pulses vibrate with more enthusiasm. It was with difficulty I forced upon the musical labourer, a small present, or rather payment, for fetching the soldier ; and when all but the last left me, a sentiment of regret struck my bosom, and grew more and more comfortless, as the sound of their retreating footsteps and voices diminished on my ear, and when even on standing a moment to listen—a pause to which my grateful heart impelled me—they could be heard no more, the sensation swelled almost into tears.

The soldier seemed to feel a sort of sympathy, and amused the way with the adventures of his life. They did not, however, begin to interest me so soon as they might have done, had they been related at any other season. He told me, however, that he had lived so many years out of his native country, that he had almost forgot his mother tongue, as you may perceive, Sir, said he, by my bad English. He added, that he had served his late Prussian Majesty, the grand Frederick, almost seven and thirty years, and had the honour to have been shot in almost every battle, and part of the human body ; but was still as heart-whole, and care-free, as any man in the circle of Westphalia. The Grand Frederick, Sir, continued he, has settled upon me a little pension, and given me a snug apartment in the

Chateau of Cleves, where, should your honour deign to come, I have always a glass of good Rhenish, to offer an Englishman, aye, and any other honest man; and where, if your honour pleases we will drink the kings of England and Prussia, (for they now happen to be good friends, you know) in a bumper, before we get into bed! Thus ended my little jubilee, to the infinite content of my heart; and, I trust of yours: At least, I can wish you no greater good than that each of your future days may be crowned like this; and that your after slumbers may be as sweet!

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### ANECDOTES.

WHEN Sidney was in France, being one day hunting with the king, and mounted on a fine English horse, the form and spirit of which caught the king's eye, he received a message that he would be pleased to oblige the king with his horse at his own price. He answered, *He did not choose to part with him.* The king, determined to have no denial, gave orders to tender him a sum of money, and to seize the horse; which being made known to Sidney, he instantly took a pistol and shot him dead, saying, *that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves.* Would a pensioner to France have dared to speak and act thus?

*Light Reading at Leisure Hours.*

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THERE happened, while Swift was at Laracor, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction just as a pen of poultry had been put up: Roger bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer of the name of Hatch; '*What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?*' exclaimed Swift. '*No sir,*' said Roger, '*I see they are just a'going to hatch.*'

*Swiftiana.*



## SELECTED POETRY.

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FROM THE PORT FOLIO

### PRIZE POEM.

#### OCEAN.—A NAVAL ODE.

ALL hail, thou mightiest, monstrous power !  
To whom in this tempestuous hour,  
The nations bow the knee.  
This hour, when heaven's right arm hath hurled  
Its thunders round a warring world,  
O'er Christendom one bloody flag unfurl'd—  
We lift our eyes to thee.

Primeval Power ! ere order sprung,  
While yet o'er chaos darkness hung,  
Thou wert ; and when, in onward time,  
The impious mortal stain'd by crime  
The image of his sire sublime ;  
Then, great avenger : didst thou rise,  
And swelling to the darken'd skies,  
Each of thy waves, commissioned then,  
Whelm'd in the worthless race of men:

OCEAN—that venerable name  
What tongue unfaltering shall proclaim !  
Here, as upon my native plain  
That borders on thy wide domain,  
I stand, and strive one glimpse to gain  
Of half thy worth, but strive in vain.  
*Power*—to whose hundred hands is given  
To toss their foam against the face of heaven,  
And ere insulted heaven its wrath can show,  
Retreat in safety to th' abyss below.

*Extent*—whose untold regions lie  
 Where man nor angel e'er could pry,  
 Who mantlest round this mighty globe,  
 As in one vast, cerulean robe.  
*And wealth*—whose many massive heaps  
 Lie piled within thy cavern deeps,  
 Where new Peruvias unfold  
 Their copious veins of liquid gold,  
 And other Indies rise, to spread  
 Of rival gems, thy sparkling bed.  
 Yet, grand and awful as thou art,  
 'Tis ours, with no foreboding heart,  
 To count thy glories o'er;—  
 Descendants from that western wild,  
 Of heaven the latest, loveliest child,  
 Who, safe in thy protection, smil'd;  
 Nor car'd nor ask'd for more.  
 Blooming so long from all intrusion free,  
 And known to none but Heaven and Thee;  
 Till He, thy chosen chieftain, came,  
 Genoa's boast, Iberia's shame;  
 (Blest had he never ceas'd o'er thee to roam,  
 Nor found disgrace, and chains, and death at home.)  
 He woo'd and won the peerless dame,  
 And gave to her his honour'd name.  
 E'er since that hour, their children, we,  
 In weal or worthy aid can see—  
 In war, thy guarding waters rose,  
 A fence between us and our foes.  
 In peace thy stars have been our guides,  
 Our coursers swift, thy foaming tides;  
 And safe have been our billowy rides,  
 As when some white wing'd seraph glides  
 To haven of repose!

Far to that execrated shore,  
 Where ancient Carthage tower'd of yore,  
 'Twas thy supporting arms that bore  
 'Gainst Punic perfidy, the band,  
 Who well aveng'd our injur'd land:  
 And drove the crescent bath'd in blood,  
 To hide its blushes in the flood.



But when no effort could withstand  
The wily Turk's ensnaring hand,  
Snatch'd for themselves the lighted brand,  
And mounting in a shroud of flame,  
Died to the world—to live in fame!

And now—though in the recent year  
That compass'd our "diurnal sphere,"  
Defeat, disgrace, and want, and fear,  
Wherever else we look, appear;  
Yet, when to Thee we turn our eyes,  
Some stars amid the storms arise.  
Lo! twice within that little year,  
Behold yon trophied bark appear,  
Whose Eagle, in the wat'ry field,  
Twice bade the British Lion yield!  
Whose noble mast yet stands to tell  
Its native oaks, IT NEVER FELL!  
And bids Defiances' loudest blast  
Challenge the world to mate that mast,  
For service shar'd—for duty done—  
For danger dar'd—for vict'ry won!\*

Ere, echoing round our gladden'd shore,  
The peal of triumph scarce was o'er,  
Thou bad'st thy winds to bear again,  
O'er all its hills the lofty strain;  
To tell them that another sail,  
Mid dark October's stormy gale,  
In direst, deadliest shock, could close  
With hearts as brave as Britain knows,  
And in that shock prevail! †  
We crowd not on the shudd'ring sight  
The horrors of that awful fight;

\* It is scarcely necessary to state, that this alludes to the two conquests achieved by the "Constitution" over the *Guerriere* and *Java*—the first under the immediate command of captain Hull; the second under that of commodore Bainbridge. It has been asserted, that no vessel of equal force has been known, in any service, to have acquired as much glory in as little time.

† The engagement between captain Jones, in the "*Wasp*," and the "*Frol-ick*," in which the latter was captured.

Not ours to count the cruel scars,  
 And groans, and wounds of ocean-wars.  
 Let others note how, side by side,  
 The virtuous and the valiant died.  
 Where gun, 'gainst gun, encoun'ring lay  
 So near, they cross'd each other's way !  
 And from the suff'ring and the slain,  
 The life stream mingled with the main !  
 Till Conquest grasp'd his laurel'd crown,  
 Less as a symbol of renown,  
 Than to conceal from sight, from thought,  
 Proofs of the price at which 'twas bought.

Thou, Ocean, thou, the seamen's sire !  
 Witness for us while deeds like those  
 Approv'd our prowess to our foes,  
 Did they not, 'mid ourselves, inspire  
 In all, the emulous desire  
 As well to act, as to admire !  
 Witness, as well it may,  
 That One could, unattended, roam  
 To Albion's very channel home,  
 In vain, but bold essay ; ‡  
 And One could bid his cannon sound  
 To St. Salvador's farthest ground,  
 Till Andes might the shock rebound,  
 Of challenging the fray §

And soon, with streamers waving high  
 On thy blue throne exalted high,  
 We hail'd another naval son—  
 Grac'd with the gift his arm had won ;  
 A rare and goodly gift, to greet  
 A country ever proud to meet  
 The same chivalrous chief, who bore  
 Rich tributes once from Barb'ry's shore,  
 As Allah's sons can tell ;  
 But now a nobler trophy shows,

‡ The cruise of commodore Rodgers.

§ The challenge of captain Lawrence to the Bon Citoyen.



Wrested from mightier, manlier foes,  
 Who fought so long—so well ! ||  
 Vict'ry was ours, and conflict o'er,  
 Found mercy had been ours before;  
 And kindness, from elation free,  
 And frank, high-minded courtesy.  
 In losing peace, we have not lost  
 That gentle grace she prizes most.  
 So may the goddess, when again  
 She re-ascends her sacred fane—  
 That fane, whose gates, alas ! now closed,  
 Have stood to force and fraud exposed;  
 Find still upon her altar's urn  
 Unquenched its lambent lustre burn.  
 Without is all the storm and din—  
 The vestal flame yet lives within.

Once more, upon thy list of fame,  
 Ocean, inscribe another name !  
 Surely we may not ask in vain  
 For him who ne'er can ask again !  
 For him, most priz'd yet pitied most,  
 For LAWRENCE honour'd — LAWRENCE lost !  
 For him, who erst the fight maintain'd,  
 And erst the conq'ror's chaplet gain'd,  
 And better, nobler far !  
 Who sprang where battle fiercest bled,  
 Between the living and the dead,  
 And stay'd the waste of war.  
 For him, whose virtues were declar'd  
 By enemies his sword had spar'd,  
 What time his arm humanely dar'd  
 The reeling captive to sustain,  
 And snatch the sinking from the main;  
 The life, in fight half lost before,  
 Was now to peril risk'd once more;  
 Till, aiding in the great emprise,  
 His comrades sunk before his eyes.

|| The capture and safe conduct home, of the "Macedonian" by com-  
 mande Decatur.

SELECTED POETRY.

This, this, may fame's sublimest song  
In everlasting note prolong !  
O glorious end ! O death of pride !  
The victors for the vanquish'd died ! \*

But be the shouts of triumph o'er ;  
Strike the high warbling harp no more !  
And let the minstrel's measure know  
No tones, but tones of martial wo !  
O'er the slow undulating tide  
Let only mournful musick glide,  
And but the solemn-sounding oar  
Awake the silence of the shore.  
Let fancy to the tufted steep,  
For sad, sepulchral sights retire,  
Where wildly o'er the moaning deep  
The mermaids tear  
Their golden hair,  
And fling it on the funeral pyre.

Such sorrows, to the patriot dear,  
Befit a hero's bloody bier ;  
Such, Lawrence ! to thy name be paid,  
All that can greet thy gallant shade.  
Oh thou, whose gen'rous arm could save  
Thy fellows from an early grave,  
What blessings had to him belong'd,  
Who had a life like thine prolong'd ?  
Long on the sadden'd mind shall stay  
The thought of that disastrous day,  
When, with thy few brave followers round,  
Thou dard'st dispute th' unequal ground,  
'Till sunk beneath thy mortal wound.

\* The extraordinary exertions of the officers and crew of the "Hornet," after their victory over the "Peacock," for the safety and comfort of their prisoners, must be fresh in the minds of every American, and we trust, of every Briton. For obvious reasons we have not noticed our naval actions exactly in the order in which they occurred ; and for reasons equally obvious, have avoided the introduction of any individual names, except of those departed commanders, to whom, alas ! nothing but a name remains.

Nor, then—in the recording line  
 Ne'er be it said—to yield was thine;  
 'Till reeling sense and fainting life  
 Withheld thee from the desp'rate strife;  
 Ne'er was that bloody banner down,  
 So lately star'd with thy renown,  
 Long as thy arm could wield a sword—  
 Long as thy lips could breathe a word,  
 Thy deeds, thy voice, this truth reveal'd—  
 That Lawrence never knew to yield!  
 Nought but the final enemy  
 Who conquers all—has conquer'd thee!

Yet still, the tributary verse  
 Must flow lamenting round thy hearse!  
 For partial Heaven in thee combin'd  
 The sternest with the softest mind.  
 Seem'd that thou wert but lent, to show  
 The rest of Ocean's race below,  
 How all the charities might blend,  
 Of father, brother, husband, friend:  
 'Till perfecting the patriot plan,  
 The warrior mellow'd in the man!  
 But hark! E'en now what tidings swell?  
 Last, but not least, they speed to tell  
 Where Burrows the invader spoil'd,  
 His arms, his arts, o'erpower'd and foil'd,  
 But in the struggle fell!  
 Then be it so! An end so great,  
 No sighs but sighs of envy wait!  
 What could a Roman triumph more,  
 Than pass'd his closing eye before  
 With falt'ring hand and bosom gor'd,  
 'Twas his to grasp a conqueror's sword,  
 Like gallant Wolfe, "well satisfied,"  
 In that he conquer'd and he died.

Ocean, when storms of conflict o'er,  
 Shall desolate our coasts no more;  
 But that firm race of thine shall come  
 To dignify a peaceful home—



O grant that race to prove them, then,  
 Better, as well as braver men;  
 Wise, to forbear, in civil life,  
 As bold to dare in hostile strife!  
 For angel-eyes, that turn afar  
 Abhorrent from the scenes of war,  
 Have yet beheld, with tears of joy,  
 Virtues which war could not destroy,  
 That, in the hot and tempring hour  
 Of mad Success and lawless Power,  
 When Av'rice, Pride, Revenge, contend,  
 For mastery in the *human-fiend*,  
 Could chain these furies to their den,  
 And make the victors more than men.  
 Nor solely to the chieftian free  
 This might of magnanimity:  
 Round many an humbler head it glowed—  
 Through many a humbler heart it flowed;  
 Those who whate'er their leaders claim,  
 Must fall, themselves unknown to fame;  
 'Theirs the toil, without the praise—  
 The conquest theirs—but not its bays.

Then grant, great Ruler of the main,  
 These virtues they may long retain!  
 So shall thy waters ne'er be viewed  
 Without a burst of gratitude.  
 So, when War's angry flame retires,  
 And, ling'ring, on thy bed expires;  
 These, tried and purified, shall rise,  
 And, phoenix-like, ascend the skies.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONG.

#### SMILES AND TEARS.

O SWEET is the glow that the golden hair'd star  
 At evening sheds mildly, all mingled with dews;  
 When, silently gleaming, the moist beams afar  
 Their brilliance and fragrance together diffuse.

But sweeter the smile that bewitchingly plays  
Through the tremulous tear in the eye of my lovè,  
While a blush on her cheek all unconsciously strays,  
Confusedly strays, finding nought to reprove.

Soft, playful and tender, that tear-mingled smile  
Seems sacred as sorrow, and cheerful as day;  
Thus break forth the sunshine, enshrouded erewhile,  
And laughs through the showers that it chases away.

Forgive me, my fair, if too selfish I seem,  
And view thy commotion of soul with delight:  
I know that thy soul, in its way-wardest dream  
Is pure as the snow-flake, still soaring in flight.

And pure is the feeling those blushes declare,  
The drops in those eyes nothing guilty inspir'd,  
Compassionate grief was indulging him there,  
And pleasure o'ertook him before he retir'd.

Full fair are the gems of the silver browed morn;  
The soft glow of twilight full beauteous appears,  
But beauties more radiant and melting adorn  
The smile of my love through her blushes and tears.

FALKLAND.



### THE TULIP AND THE DAISY.

THE gaudy Tulip, that displays  
Its wanton bosom to the gaze,  
And proudly towers on high;  
Attracts me not—for, from its leaves,  
(Though heavenly dyed,) no fragrance breathes,  
T' embalm the vernal zephyr's sigh.

While the sweet daisy of the wild,  
Meek nature's unassuming child,  
I love, beyond the rose—  
For every toil refreshing gale,  
That sweeps along the dewy vale,  
To this mild flower, its sweetness owes.

And thus, my friend, I judge the fair ;  
 The nymph, who flauts, with forward air,  
     And moves, but to be seen ;  
 Could ne'er, from me extort one sigh,  
 More than the gilded butterfly ;  
     Though she were beauty's matchless queen.

While the sweet maid, to virtue true,  
 That modestly retires from view,  
     Can all my bosom fire,  
 'Tis she alone can reach the heart,  
 And raise (beyond the power of art)  
     The holy flush of chaste desire.

OSMYN.

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### HYMN.

*"Nor let the heathen say, where is your God?"*

IN clouds and dark'ning storms my God resides,  
 And on the whirlwinds wildest pinion, rides ;  
 In heaven, on earth, in hell his power is known,  
 And judgment forms the dwelling of his throne.

Lo! at his lightest touch, the mountains smoke,  
 And rocks are rent beneath his mildest stroke :  
 The ocean dries before his breath her bed,  
 And earth in shuddering horror, feels his tread.

Proud Atheist, when the skies shall flee away,  
 Before the trumpet of the final day ;  
 When earth shall burn beneath his angry eye,  
 And suns, and spheres, shall from their orbits fly ;

When from on high the pomp of heaven shall break,  
 And from beneath, shall ope the penal lake ;  
 'Mid all the terrours that you then must dare,  
 "Where is your God?" Proud sceptic fool declare.

OSMYN.

ERRATA.—1st page, 14th line from bottom, for *protrasted* read *protrasted*.  
 Page 25, line 2d from top, for *and* read *et*.